Time and Its Curve Last Part, which is French Insurrection in also Tonalism (After Years I, II and Part I with Theatre, the Final Part)

By Shomit Sirohi

I. Fragmentation – Philosophical Detour to Blue Notebooks

The critical investigation of language, encounters the French surrealism of a man who is bearded, a few in fact, black, one Arab, who then is a finally in the mirror, a phenomenology which then is the bricolage, of water, the Rue, which then is also a magisterial construction, of one art, which is then in surreal imagery a four part novel, which criticises the German aspects towards in fact the pure flow, of French language, in the production of l'espace which then is spliced into this metaphysical exercise called language itself which frees a man if he is in meditation of the pure flow, of in fact rivers, and hills, and ravines then as historical studies on a book also, which is then small steps on a door step which is sitting in the middle of the process of walking as a wait for a bus which shifts back to the intellectual montage, as in fact Marx's lesser arguments which meant an intellectual affinity in fact for what

is called the fragments on machines, as also a process of science, education, but more interested then in the masterpiece of German arguments translating Marx then into a formalistic daily life of living capital as a impure argument within the immanent which broke into a general insurrection – L'Commune Paris.

I meant that in fact Leon Trotsky and Lenin met twice in the long instance of French fragmentation meant to be then in a long lyric with Ilaan and Belano also a awakening in the mornings of Ireland which had some resonance to the sense of memories, daily life, subjective heights of race as consciousness, in fact political consciousness which then is immanent to radicalism which the recent Walter, is in fact engaging with the black Walter, who is then a historian which is related to that Benjamin who is in fact Walter which also means 'Walther' which then is water, but also washing the face, and drying the face, which is busy tactically orienting language to philosophy in Marx – that language is in fact, a philosopher argues articulating as he argues a speech, aesthetics then, a matter of the withering left which though is thriving in books, selling to one man, Ilaan who realised that in fact aesthetics is our future we will not live in artistic representations – that was the past for Hegel.

We cannot die, in artistic renditions, of the production of space. That intellection was experimental it freed, us all, that intellection, which was mediated by genius in a man who was walking home to Madrid, which though is in America, as we all denounce the Spanish art of arrogance, towards our own construction – French insurrection, which is as as Leion was in fact into his football stadium and is busy racing at infinite speed to dribble through four players easily and basketball is in fact Argentine insurrection, sheer speed, the black man is flying. In American idealism I am flying, I am making it to common life as infinite exercise as they argue – lesser notes on Architecture, and Hegel, Marx, a new name, spandrels, constructions full of divine Parsi life, what is this production, our own material a line and horizontal bizarre sketches overdetermined spandrels of the most divine Jewish libraries, which then materialise in this novel as exercise – a lesser argument which is higher, and higher than I meant, which is

sheer arrogance in one material element called sports at one point geometry by the great Heidegger was also called ‘Urdenstander’ the movement of understanding while walking perhaps which then articulates the hand to a gesture, which Marxists call this long obscurantism which I picked up as Aesthetik, or better l’aesthetique.

II. Mezrav

In fact an epistle is built on the small steps. I am in fact living epistle, the law is just even on meeting, it is just just, like jurisprudence on life – that I was awaiting and cancellation was in fact Priest and Pope in a confrontation, which was then Jewish acts, and even life’s limited failure is proved in Prophecy which then produces a line of every point in life which becomes the Ilaan choice of Kabbalah which is simple faith, just following a epistle which is mediated by Hills. I argue then what is life, and its tragic possibility, that I might argue is just in faith, which juxtaposes Cornel with Alain talking in equal justice about the process the more dense more process of German literature in the French language, in Soviet paraphrasing of its subtext, a man in a taxi going to a cathedral he felt as Incontinence lived today, which then pours out the Poemic method of Marx in fact as long poems in mathematics of Capital which is in turn inlined as subtext, with not themes this time not a Ulysses either but its German formalisms which is all of aesthetics which also means a poem walks and that is all by Spectres we learn from Alenette who is surprised on philosophy in a car and many people in cars one day finally owning a car is impossible in life which becomes engineering, a Jewish man argues when he meets him in Florence, which was in fact lesser in the logic than in fact the highest heights of in fact walking poor in St. Matthew who discovered the bylanes.

In fact the long spandrels the achievement of the masses, the sexuality of in fact heights in love.

III. Sex

I meant it was lyric and pronouncement, even absolute love, which then forces into humour and happiness which is the arrogant woman and her happiness performed also in poems which meant at one level a long juxtaposition of the Latin American Belano and Borges, who then prefer the elliptical approach to this long meditation on politics, walking around, insurrection as a language art which then becomes dogmatism, conviction, faith and epistle but is contrasted with its opposite now, in fact dialectical opposite in perhaps Wittgenstein which is lesser than in fact the heights – do not meditate unmathematically, all of this is mathematics, that is what he meant, he meant poems are mathematical and in fact the heights of life is the realisation of mathematics in life which then has in turn a woman ties her hair, another woman ties up her body skirt and shirt and long skirts unfolding in Mascara which she is in bead dress. Indianism pronounces its freest sex. Now in fact arts pronounce fashion points cutting across like in fact a art called Greek metaphysics but then another choice the French Lautremaunt or even the Idealist Communism, which is in fact the old days of Alexandra and Rosa who are simple clappers on the sexual Lazic which becomes in fact more agitation on the matter of feminist lives which is then axiom and produces the clap the movement of communism.

IV. French, German and Now True History

A Meditation on Soviet Union, the Prophetic years, followed by death, and this was tragedy. Black lives were spent meditating on this fate, our fate is possible, but higher. I meant though in fact a tragedy – played like music. It was then youth misspent for the American long run into life saving acts. I meant also that in fact tragedy is poetic justice. Trotsky is walking Incontinence.

V. Long Argumentation in Speech Format Trotsky and Lenin Addressing the Indian Revolution

In fact the movement of lyric is then pronounced, as lighter, we are lightness we are in fact juxtaposed to jazz performance ballet in an old art called the Burrakata which then is finally the movement of revelation as women in their renditions are tribal arts of dancing afterall which becomes from my formal judgement – the heights.

In spear, I announce that in fact the Illiad is smoked. I am inspirational to you. Lenin pronounces axiom, definition and postulate – each life guided, each mathematics judged, each line sung, each hanging praised, and then of course laughter, that I was alive that very day, which was a long period in hospital, support liberalism not tragedy support our fate – Communism.

VI. A Long Philosophical Composition in Jazz Tonalism

Breathe, and smoke and then reveries – criss cross this with our map of Coltrane. I call this modern surrealism.

Parte II

Some of the most gripping—and most beautiful—passages of Weiss’s and then pasted into Belano and Borges for some speculative turns, the novel appear in detailed examinations of classic paintings by Delacroix, Goya, Brueghel, Géricault, Munch and others why not then Picasso and even in fact Malevich and the standards of Pisarro an architectural fact in fact which is now preparing an encounter somewhere else which is its informalism broken by Jewish acts, and their bearing on contemporary struggles…. Weiss’s project has another, deeper aim than advancing the socialist revolution, namely to give voice to fascism’s victims, and to preserve the memory of their lives and example—hence the archival nature of his work, with its painstaking attention to the names of fallen comrades.

Who then articulate their lightness.

Having come through the long period of wars, defeated the French, and banished Napoleon to Saint Helena, Great Britain —having received almost all of the colonies they had sought— could afford upon the installation of Louis XVIII to grant France that semi-arid, steppe-covered promontory in the far west of Africa. With access to the natural resources of the south from their base at the Cape of Good Hope and in possession of the fertile banks of the Gambia River and the port of Bathurst, the English furthermore had reserved the right to run the trade in rubber together with the French and to secure it with their own forts and transshipment points. On board the flagship Medusa as it steered through the Bay of Biscay were the governor and other functionaries who were to administer France's new crown colony, several engineers, land surveyors, and settlers, five doctors and two pharmacists for the hospital, a portion of the officers. I was referring to the process of current migration as in fact a long lost process of many women in ships.

Can one believe that women tour African coasts again, as trafficked then to France, back then to in fact America and one day in Brazil. This process is confusing – called to be lost in translation – one day in Japan.

So at least thirty men must have drowned or stayed behind on board the Medusa. In Battleship Potempkin by Eisenstein also L'Eduarde de painter and even Le'Strike and other short films on Capital there is everything from agrarianism to in fact the modern process of living life in a creative house conversation which then meticulously critiques the lack of acts in creative directions of Communism – why fear the Arab or actually Communist revolutionary spirit why not be creative as experimental and insurrectional Why not. The thought of this embarkation, among the roaring and pummeling, while the waves shattered the bulwark and the mast stumps of the overturned frigate, climbing down on rope ladders, on rigging, the cries for help of those who had fallen into the sea, the distorted mouths, the eyes drawn wide with fear, hands straining up and splayed out, the effort of pushing the raft off against the slick side of the ship, the moment when the governor, sitting in an armchair, was winched down into the head boat, such impressions had absorbed the painter before

he was overwhelmed by the image of the fully laden raft. It was towed along by the smallest and least seaworthy vessels, and when the oarsmen saw that the boats of the governor and captain were trailing off into the distance, they soon gave up towing and let go of the ropes, themselves battling against the worsening seas. While the flotilla headed for the shore, the raft, unable to be maneuvered, was carried out to sea by the tidal currents. Those gathered together on the raft still did not want to believe they had been abandoned. The coast was visible, as was the island of Arguin with the ruins of the old Portuguese fort; the castaways assumed that the boats would return for them, or that the Echo, Loire, and Argus would spot them. But night fell, and they had still not received help. Powerful swells swept over us – this then is intellectual montage.

The expectation of a greeting, a welcome, a sign of solidarity had evaporated, there was no Popular Front here, only the gendarmerie received us, the only place we belonged was in the police archives; henceforth we were to report to the prefecture daily and hold out to be stamped the scrap of paper that signified our existence. I had always seen my path in front of me, made my decisions, even back then, deep in the underground and surrounded by fascism, I had been able to see a way out; only here, in the capital of openness, of enlightenment, were we forced into blindness. On the first evening in Paris we had been suddenly overwhelmed by our sense of estrangement from one another. With the dissolution of our alliance, our natural sense of belonging together had also evaporated; a powerlessness had befallen us with the realization that our ranks had been broken up, that we had been made useless. Only the question of which party we belonged to, or intended to join, contained the suggestion of a continued permanence. Until now I had found my purpose on the side that I was fighting for; now I was confronted with the realization that this spontaneous community was only possible so long as I was among friends and allies, and that this natural cooperation had to be replaced by a binding commitment. At a point in time when the illegal, conspiratorial work in cadres demanded the strictest confinement, it was necessary to join the organized collective; it was only here that it seemed

possible to demonstrate our reliability. Yet such a step had been made more difficult by the decentralization of the Party; I didn’t even know which group, which country I was responsible for. The only task now had to be that of rebuilding and strengthening the Party, and I was ready to follow the directives that I would again be receiving. At the same time though, I was drawn to the park gates behind the bridge, watched over by sphinxes, and an immense thirst for knowledge grew within me. I leaned on the stone railing, barges with bunting of colorful pieces of laundry trailed along beneath me; today, when there was a need for the most precise orientation in external reality, today, while the city was holding its breath, awaiting the decisive moves and blows of the protagonists in the diplomatic spectacle, I wanted to head over to the poplars on the upper bank, to that arsenal of images. The thought of being accepted into the Party coalesced with the desire for limitless discoveries; I could already see myself standing before those painted surfaces, see my encounter with Géricault, Delacroix, Courbet, Millet; I wanted to head into the closed organization, into uncompromising struggle, and at the same time, into the absolute freedom of the imagination. Surmounting Pont Royal, I envisioned the path into the Party and the path to art as something singular, something indivisible; political judgment, relentlessness in the face of the enemy, the power of the imagination, all of this came together to form a unity. As I passed the sphinxes, the last line of defense was broken. Here and there in the grounds with the crisscrossing gravel paths someone was walking their dog on a leash. Egyptians and Assyrians, Druids and Gauls, Romans and Goths had been hauled in, beaten into stone, cast in ore, to honor the princes on their warhorses; everywhere guards and rulers loomed, waving their swords and lances, and poets, philosophers, and artists swiveled on their pedestals, passing me along through their arms. No sooner had I leaned back on a bench than silver-gray women appeared before me like ghosts, in long robes, and chased me away with outstretched hands. I had time to ask myself what this actually was, this city, where did it draw its essence, its strength, with which it continuously exerted its influence upon me. It had always been my wish to come to this city, and now that I was here, scarcely tolerated, among the lowest of the low, the task was to not allow it to

force me onto my knees. Faced with its buildings and streets, I had to assert myself, in this powerful conglomeration which received its life from all those people who lived within it or had done, I had to look for relationships that could give my consciousness something to hold on to. The architecture and avenues drew the wanderer into their expansiveness, and the light, reflecting off the water and the sandy yellow hues of the walls of the buildings, did its bit to transport them to a realm of levity and devotion. Looking through the central arch of the gate in the forecourt of the Louvre, in honor of the victory and made of rose marble, the obelisk on Place de la Concorde and the large memorial to the Napoleonic armies at the end of the Champs-Élysées formed a straight line. This perspective, fringed by the gentle green of the rows of trees, drew the gaze into a flight to infinity, running from the symbol of one military triumph to the other, containing all the efforts at attaining absolute power, its format— accommodating the breadth of troops on the march and opening a vista onto unruly masses— was intended to lift our emotions and allow us to perceive the Sistine Chapel opened up in one room which a man went into in his past and realised he was now there as Lincoln jokes, transformed into grand proportions, as a form of beauty. Considering how tearing down the old districts was supposed to hamper the building of barricades, create a clear field of fire, I saw Paris under the spell of its rulers, saw at all strategic points the mountains of wealth towering over the closed-off quarters of the tradespeople, the petite bourgeoisie, and the workers. But it wasn’t this pattern that gave the city its appearance; the sense of being here, of the presence of all these buildings was instead evoked by the knowledge of the events that, all around, coming from below, had been set in motion again and again, the movements of outrage, of insurgency, which brought their own violence, their own power to fruition. Every building bore a more palpable trace of such actions than of the obligations that had been issued by the dynasties, and if to the nameless masses, who in the alleys had stacked up the stones into barricades, I added those who had entered into the life of the city with their artworks.

The structure of the Social Democratic Party, with its executive committee members in Prague and London, had

become just as faceless and formless as the French and Spanish socialist parties. It only remained tangible in its craven commitment to the interests of capital. If the Communist Party appeared more amorphous still, it was out of the need for camouflage, the continuation of the struggle in the underground; at the same time, though, for all the emphasis it placed on the efforts to form a united front, it was riven by internal strife. A general mobilization in Czechoslovakia was to be expected; swastika flags, which had been hoisted in Bohemian cities, in actual fact a meticulous history of women as prostitutes all over Europe actually the problem, were taken down; weapons were Communist flags in China going up. Insurrectional signs.

Parte Five

I recalled a remark of Hodann's concerning the rivalry between Ackermann and Merker, Münzenberg and Wehner, and between them and the group around Ulbricht. Officially, Thälmann, who was in a German prison, was still the leader of the Party. Rosa allowed this you feel, we call this common people who insurrect – her lines were so aleatory. Once Schehr, who was acting as his proxy, had been murdered, Pieck took over the leadership. Murdered in a manner of speaking. The young Politburo candidate Wehner was not just interested in enjoying their support but also in proving his independence from the Soviet Party, to whom Pieck was beholden. It might have been the case that the conflicts now taking place, which had ensnarled the remaining members of the Central Committee— Dahlem, Florin, Dengel, Abusch, and Eisler—and aspirants to leadership posts, such as Mewis, Kowalski, and Knöchel, were brought about by the continually intensifying fear of being found wanting in the eyes of the supreme arbiters of the Party and being liquidated, just as their comrades Remmele, Flieg, Neumann, Kippenberger, and Eberlein had been.

Foundation of a Popular Front for the exclusive interests of their own party. It was less his statements than the tone in which they were delivered that left me unsettled; Hodann's

intolerance in the face of errors that had been committed, of poor decisions, was all too familiar to me for me to be able to view it as an ideological deviation, but it now seemed to me that he was no longer willing to defend the Party as he had been earlier, despite all the difficulties that had arisen. His critique was characterized by a sense of disappointment and demoralization, betraying an anxious, conflictual relationship. Rosa was aleatory flags everywhere, this was of course before the Nazis. This is her long premature attempts as we call it, a number of light strikes which become mass strikes. The discussion subjected me once again to the conflict of double loyalty, yet on that evening I ascribed his agitation primarily to nerves in anticipation of his departure for Norway. I refrained from referring to the opinions that he had once divulged to me on the trip between Albacete and Denia, according to which every hint of a feeling of dislocation robbed us of some of our strength to act. In switching countries, he had said, we must always preserve the continuity of our political stance.

Revolution in Russia, said Ström, we appealed for the constitution of a popular socialist party. It was the mention of the names—of the rightwing Social Democrats who were still leading the Party today and assuming government positions, and of the leftists who with few exceptions had rejoined the Social Democrats—which made the political continuity evident to me, as well as the contradiction between the widespread will for renewal, which, half a year before the October Revolution, brought about an internationalist party seeking a transition to Communism, and the Party founders' gradual renunciation of their work. But the investigation of their behavior had to be excavated from material that consisted of many layers. Tracing the symptoms and tendencies that seemed to point to the reasons for their deviation, we ran into contradictions that threatened to compromise our whole project. The conversation between Ström and Brecht also initially provided insights into the mechanisms of writing. In picking up on conflicting themes, in the abrupt shifts in perspectives, the following of contradictory impulses, the continual openness to new suggestions, I recognized something of Brecht's working technique. He listed a mass of authors whose books he had used as material for the novel.

After producing excerpts, he said, the writing followed almost automatically, in a kind of montage.

Last Section – French Surrealism

In fact all of this is philosophy to meditate on the women enter feel the sexual need and take of their clothes this then is filmed according to a woman but was theatre. All the sex is an avant-garde film, the process is extensive writing in images which then is re-played – we call it not television this time. But film tuning. I call it tune it, like a film watch the film – and black power is a surreal mass art in the sense of in fact its arguments Lincoln demands for real determinate gestures to the new Irving crowd.